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The Autobiography of
David Miller Lyle

June 6, 1950

My great, great grandfather, on my father's side, emigrated from Ireland in the year 1741. His name was Robert, and he, with his brother John, and the latter's wife and son, left home, set sail from Belfast, and after a tedious and dangerous voyage landed in New York in the spring of 1742.

Why did they leave Ireland for the New World?

Tradition says that on one occasion Robert and his father went to pay their rent to the lord of the manor; in doing so the father, who was an old man and bald-headed, was required to remove his Scotch cap and stand in line, uncovered, awaiting his turn for admission. This unseemly exposure brought on a severe illness. The son, Robert, was so indignant at the treatment to which his father had been subjected that he resolved then and there that he would not remain in a country where citizens were subjected to such indignities. Therefore, this trip to America.

Upon arriving in America they purchased a small tract of land near New Brunswick, New Jersey.

At the age of 49, Robert Lyle, who was then a ruling elder in the local Presbyterian Church, married Mary Gilleland, who was not quite half his age. He died eighteen years later, leaving his widow with ten children, five sons and five daughters. All the sons became soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

The years passed and in May, 1784, three of these boys, Robert, John and Aaron, decided to leave Northampton County and travel across Penns Woods to Washington County, Pennsylvania. There were ten in the party. They travelled in covered wagons and, after a long journey, arrived at their new home, near what is now Hickory, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of June, 1784. That was 166 years ago. Washington County, where they located, was sparsely settled. Hostile Indians were still to be seen. In May of that year two men were killed and scalped near Cross Creek Village. Wolves, bears, wild cats and panthers ran wild in the woods.

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It is a pleasure to have you here, and we hope you will find the work of the University of Chicago interesting and profitable. The University is a place where the highest scholarship is to be found, and where the most advanced research is being carried on in every branch of knowledge.

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Well, that says that we are a place where the highest scholarship is to be found, and where the most advanced research is being carried on in every branch of knowledge. It is a pleasure to have you here, and we hope you will find the work of the University of Chicago interesting and profitable. The University is a place where the highest scholarship is to be found, and where the most advanced research is being carried on in every branch of knowledge.

Very respectfully,
John D. Rockefeller

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In this vicinity the three brothers built their log cabins and settled down to live their lives in a new land. They were industrious, church-going, God-fearing men and soon were prosperous and respected citizens of the community. One of these three brothers, Robert, my great grandfather, married Sarah Rea. They had a family of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters. One of these boys was named John. He was my grandfather. He married Isabella Miller, and from her I got my middle name.

Shortly after their marriage they moved to Belmont County, Ohio, and there on a farm they settled and raised a family of seven children, three boys and four girls. Six of these children named their baby girls Isabella, or Belle, after their grandmother. My father, David Lyle, was the youngest of this family. He was born on August 14, 1829, and died in April, 1898.

In 1855 he married Mary Love, who lived some four miles away. Her father was George Love, her mother Mary McCracken, of Irish descent. They had a family of six children. My mother, Mary, was frail in her younger days, but lived to be almost 87 years old. She was a woman of rare quality in gentleness, patience and industry. She daily taught us both by word and example the virtues of the Christian life.

My father was a man of great vigor and industry. He soon became a leader in the community and an elder in the Crab Apple Presbyterian Church. He was so full of energy and the joy of living that he scarcely took time to walk. He trotted. Well, these two prospered greatly in material things and in family affairs. They raised a family of seven children. George was the oldest, then followed John, James, Anna Belle, Sadie, Ella, and myself, David Miller, the youngest.

I came into this world on August 26, 1872, - the year before a financial panic and when General Grant was president. It was a year of distinction as many celebrities were born in that year.

My boyhood days were rather uneventful. I was a delicate and timid youth. My mother once remarked that I would hardly live to be twenty years old but I was made of sterner stuff and here I am, still going strong and fast approaching into the 80's.

As a boy I was deeply interested in all the wonders of life on the farm, the orchard, the meadow, the creek where we fished and swam in summer and skated in winter. I was interested in the bees and birds - the sheep and horses - the flowers and trees and growing crops. My favorite pets were a lamb that I raised from infancy up, and a beautiful bay horse named "Mike".

It was a thrill to catch him out in the field, jump on his back without bridle or saddle and ride him down to the barn; sometimes I would stick, at other times he would toss me to the ground.

I learned to read and spell and write before starting to the country school, and at the age of six Mother packed me a lunch and I marched proudly off to the schoolhouse, a good long mile away. Through sunshine and rain, summer and winter, we trod the weary way to school. On very wet mornings Sister Ella and I would ride our old horse Tip to school. Arriving, we would dismount, fasten the reins to the saddle horn, give Old Tip a gentle slap and away he would go on his way home alone.

The schoolhouse was a building of one large room, painted white, and seated with hard benches. A metal stove in the middle of the room threw out its uncertain heat and light. There were hooks and shelves at the back of the room where we kept our caps and coats and also where the stern teachers kept their hickory sticks as reminders of their grim authority.

Our teachers were many and of varied talents and temperaments. They usually came and went with the passing of the seasons. Seldom did we have a teacher for more than a year. Some of them were gentle and kindly; others were gruff and tyrannical.

Our amusements at school were fitted to our needs and surroundings. Tennis and football had not come upon the scene. Baseball and prisoner's base were the favorite sports for the boys. So intent were we to get going that we scarcely took time to eat our lunch.

Our study curriculum in the one-roomed school embraced everything from the A.B.C's to the finishing touches of higher arithmetic and algebra. I finished all these elementary studies in the country school so that when I entered college at the age of eighteen I had my mind stored up with all the rudiments of an education.

Physically, I was considered a delicate youth. At the age of fifteen I weighed scarcely more than one hundred pounds and seriously doubted whether I would ever grow up to be a full sized man with a respectable beard. At the age of twenty-five I was still frail, tall and slender, and weighed scarcely more than one hundred thirty pounds.

When I was nine years old Father and Mother took me on a trip to Wisconsin and Illinois to visit some relatives. It was a great experience, to ride on the railroad, to see the wonders of Chicago and the great cornfields of the West. On Decoration

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the only way to get the most out of a book is to read it straight through from beginning to end. This is not necessarily the best method. A more effective way is to read the book in a more selective manner, focusing on the parts that are most important to you.

One of the best ways to do this is to start by reading the introduction and the conclusion. This will give you a good idea of what the book is about and what the author's main points are. Then, you can go back and read the chapters that are most relevant to your interests. This will allow you to get the most out of the book without having to read every word.

Another good way to read a book is to read it in a more systematic manner. This means that you will read the book from beginning to end, but you will also take notes as you go. This will help you to remember the main points of the book and to see how the author's ideas are developed throughout the work.

There are many other ways to read a book, and the best way for you will depend on your own preferences and needs. The important thing is to find a method that works for you and that allows you to get the most out of the book.

One of the most important things to remember when reading a book is to read it with an open mind. This means that you should not let your preconceptions about the author or the subject matter influence your reading. Instead, you should try to understand the author's ideas on their own terms.

Another important thing to remember is to read the book slowly and carefully. This will allow you to take in all the details of the author's argument and to see how the ideas are developed. It will also give you time to think about the book and to see how it relates to your own life.

Finally, it is important to remember that reading a book is not just a passive activity. It is an active one. You should be asking yourself questions as you read and trying to find the answers. This will help you to understand the book more deeply and to see how it relates to your own life.

By following these tips, you can get the most out of any book you read. Remember, the key is to find a method that works for you and to read with an open mind and a careful eye for detail.

Day we went to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, to see the Union soldiers in parade. What a thrill was the martial music and the marching. We went into a store and for the first time I saw an Indian squaw. I looked at her so intently that she became annoyed and roughly said, "Do you think you will know me the next time you see me?" Well, that was another kind of a thrill and I never forgot it.

I started to Franklin College when I was eighteen years old, and entered with zest into the intricacies of Latin and Greek, geometry, astronomy and zoology. We had good instructors and they earnestly taught us the way of the abundant life both for time and eternity.

My home being only four miles from the college I rode on horseback during the spring and autumn months. During the winter I stayed in the village of New Athens. The nearness of the school was a great advantage and I greatly enjoyed the close fellowship with my fellow students. It was not hard to find a room for fifty cents a week and splendid food in a boarding club for \$1.80 to \$2.20 a week, and so with all these economies my college course of five years amounted to about \$600.00 all told. Quite different from the modern day!

In my sophomore year, 1893, I had the high opportunity of attending the first World Fair in Chicago. Some of our college boys were employed to roll chairs for well-to-do patrons, and at the same time see the wonders of the Fair. A classmate and I started on this great adventure the latter part of April and were in time to see the dedicatory exercises, at which Grover Cleveland was the principal speaker. I had never seen a president of the United States before, and old Grover surely gave us a great thrill.

We stayed in a crude barrack and slept bunk upon bunk. The season was unusually wet; the lake winds howled around our unheated chair tents. Business was poor, people preferred to walk rather than ride in the chilly winds. Our wages were to be \$1.00 per day, and ten percent of our intake, together with tips. But the tips were small and far between - the commission was negligible, and at the end of five weeks the weary homesick chair roller returned to his home, richer in experience but with finances practically unchanged.

Another college year rolled around and graduation day appeared. It was in the month of June, 1895. It was a day never to be forgotten - examinations were over - spade tail suits for the boys, and the girl members of the class were bedecked in the many frills of the Gay Nineties - and thus we marched two by two

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to the outdoor stadium in the woods behind the college, and there before a great audience of relatives and friends and neighbors we nervously delivered our commencement orations, after which diplomas were received, congratulations were given, and we launched out into a larger world. That was a great day - 55 years ago. We bade goodby to some of our classmates, never to see them again.

The summer passed quietly and uneventfully. I worked hard on the farm, pitching the hay, harvesting the golden wheat, looking after the sheep, with an occasional evening buggy ride into the surrounding country to look after the pet lambs.

September soon came on and with it the mighty day of decision. What should I do with my life? That was the all important question to decide. Should I continue to till the soil, or enter the more lucrative fields of law or medicine or business?

Since my early childhood it had been whispered around the home that I was to become the minister of the family; in fact it was a sort of tradition in the community - one boy should be a sky pilot. I resented the idea for a time, thinking that I did not have the desire or qualifications for such a life, but gradually the human and Divine call became clearer and the Voice from Heaven seemed to say "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." And so, on a rare September morning, I found myself at the railway station with a ticket in my pocket for Allegheny, which is now a part of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There I entered the Seminary, with six of my college classmates. The next three years were crowded full of interesting events in the School of the Prophets - serious meditation - hard study - hilarious fun - as we mingled together and recited our peculiar experiences as we returned from a weekend preaching excursion into the surrounding country.

Our professors were wise and grave, and deeply serious. It wasn't long until we had them nicknamed - one we called "Bishop", another "Dr. Dry as Dust", another "Bunky" - he was a famous Greek scholar, he had helped translate the revised version of the Bible and was very proud of the fact. Bunky Riddle was unfortunately very deaf, and, as peculiar as deaf. He wore a celluloid fan attached to a string around his neck. His classroom custom was to confront a student with a question and then with the fan between his teeth he would say "Huh" and await an answer, and woe to the defenseless boy who couldn't give an intelligent answer.

Well, the student days passed and we fed richly on the good things that a fine school and great city had to offer. The winter of 1898 came around and graduation day was not far off.

The all important question arose in each student's mind - Where shall I go from here, boys? Where shall I find a place to preach the gospel and exercise my talents?

In January of that year I was invited out to Leisenring to preach on a certain Sunday. I was interested not only in the church there and its good members, but also in the home where I was entertained. It was the home of a young doctor, Dr. William J. Bailey, of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and his sister, who was visiting him, Florence Helen Cant Bailey.

The first of April came and my father, who had been seriously ill much of the winter, passed away, thus casting a gloom over the family. However, graduation day was fast approaching and I was busy getting ready for the examinations. Our class, composed of twenty-six members, graduated in the early days of May, and we soon scattered to the ends of the earth.

In the meantime, the churches at Leisenring - there were two of them, No. 1 and No. 2, - had invited me to become their pastor, and after due consideration I was glad to accept their invitation. And so about the first of June I found myself settled in this coke town about seventy miles southeast of my beloved Pittsburgh. I found a room and boarding place in a family with three small children and soon found myself hard at work in an atmosphere of baby cries and coke smoke. What an inspiring situation it was! As the two churches were four miles apart I found it necessary to secure a vehicle of transportation. I already owned a bicycle but I soon discovered that riding a wheel over dusty roads and up steep hills was not conducive to good preaching, so I soon laid it aside and looked about for a faster means of travel.

I found a nice black horse by the name of "Nancy", which I bought and found her to be a profitable investment. She was a veritable "Black Beauty" when I got her fattened up. In looking through a Montgomery Ward catalogue I found a beautiful buggy advertised, which I purchased for some forty dollars, and thus I became admirably fitted for travel to and from the upper church, pastoral visitation, and social functions throughout the community. I was as proud of that horse and buggy as a little boy of his first pair of red topped boots.

The summer months passed pleasantly and the people were appreciative of my embryo sermons. Sometimes after a particularly trying effort I would wonder if they would return for the next Sunday, but they did and thus I was encouraged to plod on.

During a short vacation a classmate and I spent a few days at Atlantic City. It was my first view of the mighty deep and what a thrill it was. Returning to Philadelphia we boarded

a street car and took in the sights of the great city. Now, that was 52 years ago and the city then was quite different from the city of today.

Returning home I was soon hard at work, writing sermons, making calls of different kinds - not all of them pastoral.

The latter part of September quickly came and Florence Bailey decided to go home to Nova Scotia to spend the winter, and off she went leaving me to wrestle alone with the boarding house kids and the winter storms. It was a long winter, the snow fell deep o'er lake and river and coke oven. But eventually summer came, as it usually does, and in the month of roses I found myself departing on a great adventure. I went to Nova Scotia and on the 21st of June, 1899 we had a beautiful wedding in the lovely home of Father and Mother Bailey.

The wedding festivities over we started on the long journey back to Pennsylvania and after visiting many friends and relatives we landed at Leisenring, there to make our home in a lordly house upon a hill. It was not built for the parson, and so when spring came we were ordered by the superintendent of the mines to give way to a mine official, and then to occupy a smaller, less pretentious house down in the Valley near the coke ovens. It was a double house, the other side being occupied by foreigners, so we soon became accustomed to an aroma of cooking onions and garlic drifting through the thin partitions. We remained in Leisenring until June of 1900 - two years - and then a call came to the Presbyterian Church of Mt. Pleasant, some twenty miles away. So we quickly packed up our worldly goods, sold Nancy and the buggy, and away we went to the city on the hill.

Mr. Pleasant was a city of some 5000 people, and quite a change from Leisenring. The church was a stately structure of brick, with a graceful steeple piercing the sky. The parsonage was also a huge nine-roomed mansion of brick and we found it difficult to make our meager furniture cover the enlarged spaces.

We spent seven years in Mt. Pleasant and they, for the most part, were happy, pleasant, prosperous years. The membership increased, many improvements were made to the church and manse, among which was a fine new pipe organ of which we were very proud. The notable event of that period occurred when on July 10, 1904 a baby boy came into the family. It was a radiant Sunday morning, a communion Sunday, but fortunately the newcomer arrived before the church services began, thus easing somewhat the distraction of the parson father.

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the only way to get the best results is to work as hard as one can. In fact, the best results are often obtained by working at a moderate pace and taking regular rests.

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Well, it wasn't very long until the vigorous baby was sitting up and lustily calling for his meals, and just as lustily crying out with cholic pains. He was soon able to ride down town in his cart and when about a year old he was presented with a lovely red riding truck or buggy which could be folded up to the size of a suitcase, and in that outfit his mother started with him to Nova Scotia. What a sight they made as they rolled along the street to the railroad station! No wonder the passers by turned to gaze on the happy pair.

When baby was a few weeks old he was christened in the church by his father and given the name of Donald Fraser Lyle, in honor of his great grandfather, Donald Fraser. The christening process was a difficult one and fraught with much excitement. At the appointed time, Katy, the maid, carried the screaming youngster into the church where he was received by his mother, who in turn carried him screaming to the altar where he continued his violent protest until the service was over, utterly regardless of the solemnity of the occasion or the frayed nerves of his parents.

In the early winter of 1906 Florence was taken sick and gradually weakened during the winter months. An open air room was fitted out on the front porch as we thought the fresh air day and night might help in her recovery. Other means and remedies were employed but to no avail. It was then decided to take her to Philadelphia, to a famous lung specialist, and so about the 3rd of June, 1907, together with Dr. Lou Bailey and a nurse we started for Philadelphia, arriving in the morning. We stayed over night at the Walton Hotel and the next morning went to see Dr. Flick. After a careful examination he advised going to an open air sanitarium near Morton, Pennsylvania, and there we settled down for the summer. November came with its chilling winds and a more comfortable sanitarium was deemed necessary so we took the patient over to such a place near Wayne, Pennsylvania, about two miles northeast of Wayne. It was a very comfortable, well regulated sanitarium with only three or four other patients but in spite of the many necessary comforts and good nursing Florence became weaker and weaker and on the morning of February 11, 1908 she passed on to the Heavenly Home. Angeline was in Philadelphia at the time and so with her kindly help all necessary arrangements were made and I started on my long journey to Nova Scotia. After a beautiful church service we laid the precious body to rest in the quiet cemetery among the friends of early years and by the grave of her sister Maud, there to await the resurrection morning.

After a few days' rest at Father Bailey's I started for Pennsylvania, stopping a few hours to visit a school friend, Reverend Brown, near Boston. That was on Washington's Birthday. That evening I took the Fall River boat to New York, arriving

there in time to hear Dr. Parkhurst preach on Sunday A. M. Another school friend, R. A. Boice, met me at the church and I spent the night at his home, leaving Monday morning for Philadelphia and Connellsville to see Donald who was spending the winter at his Uncle Will Bailey's. After a short visit with Mother in Ohio I returned to Wayne, Pennsylvania, where I secured a room at Mrs. Long's and from there I went back and forth to Devon where I continued to preach at the Presbyterian Church.

Some time later Donald came to visit me for a few weeks. He was then not quite four years old and full of pep. There were two other boys in the family and the three of them made such a lively trio that in a short time I was gently requested to find another boarding place for my young roommate. This I did in the home of a kindly Scotchman near Devon. There he remained in quiet country bliss for a few days until I took him back to Connellsville while on my way to the General Assembly at Kansas City. That was in May, 1908. Returning to Wayne I continued to preach at Devon during the summer. It was an interesting season on the Main Line. I often went into the city to the ministers' meeting and to attend the great evangelistic campaign conducted by Rev. Wilbur Chapman. It was a presidential campaign year and the newspapers were full of pictures and orations of the mighty Bryan, which greatly interested me.

September came, and in my loneliness I decided it would be a good thing for me physically, mentally and spiritually to take a year of post graduate study at Princeton. So I packed up my few belongings and away I went to the School of the Prophets. I found the atmosphere at Princeton most delightful. The professors were very wise and serious minded - the studies in theology, homiletics and the 8th Century Prophets most interesting. I joined the "Canterbury Club" and found the days full of the joy of living.

The celebrities of the world came to Princeton to preach and lecture. The Yale football team clashed with Princeton one dusty afternoon and we were thrilled to hear the tiger roar. Before the game was over the dust had turned to mud and the rain to snow, bringing distress and disaster to the gay hats and gowns of the lady fans. That was a great year in dear old Nassau and I shall never forget the lessons I learned and the friendships made.

Commencement day came and one day as I was thinking of a place to locate a letter came from an old friend, Reverend Frank Reber, of Hutchinson, Kansas, inviting me to go out there and help in the organization of a new church, and so on July 3, 1909 I found myself stepping off the train in this splendid prairie

There is a great deal of interest in the
subject of the new building, and it is
very much to be regretted that the
plans have not been made public. The
building is to be a very fine one,
and it is hoped that it will be
completed in a few years.

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city of the West. The next day, the glorious Fourth, I was introduced into the ways and customs of Kansas at a picnic held on a nearby farm. The day was hot beyond description. The friendships were just as hot. The ice cold lemonade and fried chicken were super excellent. It was truly a glorious Fourth in sunny Kansas. The next day was communion in the First Church, where I preached and assisted. That evening I conducted services in the new church and in a few days was settled down as pastor. I secured a boarding place at Mrs. Hubbard's where I had a hilarious time clashing wits with Mrs. Hubbard and the two girls, Helen and Verne. Donald, who had been spending the summer at his Uncle Brainerd Lylo's, came out with some relatives the latter part of August to Kansas City, where I met him and took him back with me to Hutchinson.

There for the greater part of the next two years we lived in rented rooms and boarding houses. He soon became acquainted with the folks of the community, both young and old, and had the time of his life. In October of that year I took him with me on a trip to the Synod of Kansas, at Parsons. On the way we stopped over at Newkirk, Oklahoma to visit some cousins, Ella Colville and family. One day while riding a pony around the farm he fell off and broke his arm. A doctor was speedily summoned and gave temporary relief and we proceeded on to Parsons. Returning home another doctor splintered it up and I helped straighten it out. I built a trapeze behind the house and in due time the arm got better and Donald started to school at the age of five years and six months.

That autumn I was busy in the work of the new church and also helping much in the First Church as their minister was leaving for Pennsylvania. One evening I attended a Sunday School teachers' meeting and there met a brown eyed Susan, who continued through the winter to cast sly glances at one and make herself agreeable. And thus the winter passed and the spring time came, the beautiful flowery spring. Mrs. Hubbard thought she couldn't keep us any longer, for reasons of her own, so we hunted up another rooming place.

We spent the month of August in Pennsylvania and Ohio visiting relatives and friends, and had a good time, but somehow the pull of Kansas drew us back. Returning in September we were soon busy in the new church, preaching and teaching, visiting the parishioners, young and old, and listening to the plaintive tones of the women who were either wanting to get married or unmarried. It was an interesting winter for me, looking after a church, caring for a six year old boy, and attending to many social duties that were thrust upon me. The month of June rolled around and with it a call to the church of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

After due consideration I decided to accept the call, and after sending Donald back to Greensburg with a lady friend I packed my belongings and set out for the wild and woolly west, the land of gold seekers, snow covered mountain peaks and wild donkeys. The new life there was full of strange adventure and experiences. I secured a room at the local Y.M.C.A. and boarded at a miner's restaurant, but I was alone and in a strange country. I felt the need of a home and someone to help look after a wondering boy. One day I got a letter from the brown eyed girl in Hutchinson intimating that she was willing to undertake the difficult task. She was eager and ready to do missionary work in the far west so I accepted her terms and steadfastly set my face toward the rising sun.

I arrived in Hutchinson August 1st and on the next day in the lovely home of Mother Lockwood we had a wedding breakfast and heard Parson Underwood pronounce the solemn words "of love, honor and obey until death do you part."

The wedding over we made a dash for the train and started on a long journey, via Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, Chatam, New York, New York City, Metuchen, New Jersey, Devon, Pennsylvania where I preached on Sunday - then on to Greensburg, Connellsville, Pittsburgh, Hickory, Pennsylvania - where at the station we met a grinning boy of seven who had lost his front teeth. We got in the carriage with him and his Uncle Brainerd and went to their home. Anna Belle had invited in some neighbors and we enjoyed their fellowship and a big turkey dinner. In a few days we left for my home in Ohio. Something went wrong with the trolley and we caught the train at Bridgeport only by the skin of our teeth. Brother James met us at the Fairport station and we were soon at the old home, greeting a large number of relatives and neighbors who had been invited in to welcome us, and what a turkey dinner we had!

We enjoyed our week's stay on the old farm, - "the orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood and every fair spot that my infancy knew." We visited the relatives, went to the old church, and on Monday morning started on our journey west. We stopped for two days at Aledo, Illinois where the Love family was having a reunion. There we met many relatives near and far removed, some of whom we had never seen or heard of. Shortly we were off again for Hutchinson, Kansas, where Susie and Donald remained for a week while I went on to Cripple Creek. There we rented a six-roomed house across the street from the city school; we bought some furniture and soon were set up ready to go.

There was something very fascinating about living up in the clouds 9500 feet above sea level. To the left of us was Pike's Peak in its snow covered grandeur towering 14,000 feet high. Far away in another direction we could see the three

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college mountains. Deep down in the mines the men dug out the glittering gold. Cripple Creek was a gambler's paradise, strong drink was raging and all the other evils that go with it. Many people there who had been raised in good homes seemed to have forgotten that there was such a being as God - or the church or the Sabbath day. But in the midst of the badness there was much good to be found, many diamonds in the rough, and among the rough some of the best people I have ever known lived in Cripple Creek.

One of our favorite diversions there was to go strolling over the mountains, often taking some food along and cooking it in the shelter of a huge boulder. I remember one Fourth of July we picknicked on the mountain in the midst of a snowstorm and greatly enjoyed the comfort of a fire in the shelter of a mighty rock.

There were five Protestant churches in Cripple Creek but on account of the shifting population the work was rather discouraging. Our church had five good elders and a fair sized congregation when we went there in 1911; when we left in 1913 all the elders except one and many of the other members had left the city. So after two years of strenuous living and working we became homesick and discouraged. I determined to go back to good old Pennsylvania and in September of 1913 we found ourselves settled in the new coal mining town of Colver. It, too, was high up on the hills but only about one-fourth as high as our home on the Rocky Mountains.

There about everything was new - new houses, new store, new railroad and a new stone church was to be built and a new congregation gathered together and organized. We remained in Colver about five years and greatly enjoyed the work of trying to amalgamate into one the church in town with two small churches of other denominations in the near by country. It was in a Welsh community and no better people ever grew than they. We will ever cherish the memory of the Bashes, the Rowlands, the Griffiths, and Thomas's, and Jones's - they were made of pure gold, refined in the fires of hard work and furious winter storms.

In February of 1918 we accepted a call to the church at West Middlesex, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. This was a pleasant, residential town near the Ohio border. It was between the larger cities of Sharon and New Castle. The people that belonged to the church were largely of the farming and steel mill class and we found them very congenial and hospitable. The church was a commodious brick building set on the crown of a hill and the manse beside it was a large frame building which had plenty of room for the family and many visitors. The school building was next to the church and Donald enjoyed the school life to the full - everything about it perhaps better than the class books.

I could hardly wait until springtime came to begin tilling our large garden and as the seasons came we raised large quantities of delicious vegetables, among which were particularly fine cantaloupes. We also had a henery and a guinea pig industry which, alas, was more interesting than profitable.

The First World War was then in its last stages and everything was astir. The first summer passed busily and pleasantly. On the morning of November 11th we were awakened at daybreak by the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles up and down the Valley and the news soon came that the arms were stacked and the terrible war was over. What a day of rejoicing that was! We rushed over to the church and began to ring the bell. I took the train and went to Pittsburgh and never have I seen or heard such a wild, hilarious crowd. Pandemonium reigned. All kinds of people expressed their joy by shouting and blowing horns and beating drums. It was a day never to be forgotten. Peace had come to a troubled world with the fervent hope that war would be no more.

Well, the years passed pleasantly in West Middlesex and the church grew in strength and numbers. We liked the people and they seemed to reciprocate our affections for they did many lovely things for us.

Donald was very busy, going to school and at spare times working in the local bank, looking after the city gas meters, and in summer working in the steel mills of Sharon. To him there was no place like West Middlesex. He came to his senior year at the local school and then decided to finish his preparatory work at Kiskiminites, a famous school for boys.

Almost five years had come and gone when on Thanksgiving Day 1922 I received a call to the church at Cresson, and although we disliked to leave the good people of West Middlesex we decided to accept the new position and on the first Sunday of January, 1923 we began our work in this city on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains. That's how it got its name "Cresson" - it was on the crest of the mountain - almost midway between Altoona and Johnstown. Near Cresson on the mountain top was located the State Tubercular Sanitarium. On the other side was the country estate of the famous Charley Schwab. Not far away was Ebensburg, the county seat, with its courthouse and famous county fair grounds.

In this delightfully cool and invigorating atmosphere we spent the next five happy years of life, preaching the gospel of right living, gathering in the wanderers, building up the church and educating a boy at college. It was a rich experience and crowded full of real satisfaction and happy memories.

One Sunday morning in January, 1928 I noticed five strangers at our Sunday School. In the church service they occupied one of the front seats as the church was crowded on that communion day. I found out afterward that these were the stray elders from the Bethany Church at Johnstown. Their minister was soon to leave them and they were out that day spying out the land with the purpose of finding a successor. They returned during a week night service, looking around and asking questions like a detective searching for a criminal, and then they made bold and asked me if I wouldn't like to go down to Johnstown and preach for them. It was a difficult problem to decide, but like a peculiar ministerial friend of mine, we came to a conclusion. This man was very ambitious. One day in talking to the boys at the Seminary one of them said, "Mr. Gay, what would you do if you should get a call to a large Methodist Church, would you accept it?" "Well, brother," said Gay, "I would think about it and pray about it and then I would accept it." And so we decided and thus wended our way down over the mountains to the famous flood city of Johnstown, which is the home of the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

There we spent ten and one-half years of the busy happy years of our lives, ministering to a large number of God's chosen people.

We began our work in Johnstown in March, 1928. In August we started on a long trip to California and the great Northwest. We made visits at Hutchinson and Liberal, Kansas. We stopped at San Diego, Los Angeles, visited Edward Lockwood at Santa Barbara and preached in San Francisco. Traveling up the coast we visited Cousin David Allen at Tacoma, stayed all night at Seattle, took the boat and went over to Victoria Island where we visited with Myrtle Bailey and saw the sights of that beautiful island. Returning to Portland, Oregon we traveled East to the Dalles on a bus along the banks of the Columbia River. It was marvelous for its scenic grandeur.

While at Santa Barbara we had a great day's fishing experience. We took a small craft and went out into the Pacific a full mile and landed on a large boat anchored in the ocean and used for the purpose of fishing. The mackeral would come in in great schools about every half hour and at such times the fishing was superb. It is rather dangerous to say how many we caught but it was beyond all odds the best fishing day of my life.

Coming East by way of the Union Pacific we stopped at Cheyenne, Wyoming and saw Judge Kennedy who was a classmate at Franklin College. He was then a Federal judge and had presided at the famous "Tea Pot Dome" case. We came down through Denver to Colorado Springs, where we visited some old friends from Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania. The next day we went up to

The second meeting is hereby, I am pleased to
announce to the Society. At the first meeting
held on the 17th inst. at the Hotel de Ville
the many friends of the Society were present
and the business of the evening was
conducted in a most efficient manner.
The first business was the reading of the
minutes of the last meeting. The minutes
were read and approved. The next business
was the election of officers for the year
1900. The officers were elected as follows:
President, Mr. J. H. ...; Vice-President,
Mr. ...; Secretary, Mr. ...; Treasurer,
Mr. ...; and the following were elected
to the various committees: ...
The meeting closed with a vote of thanks
to the friends who were present and a
vote of confidence in the officers and
committees.

There is much to be done in the way of
organizing the various societies in the
city and it is hoped that the
Society will be able to do much
good in the future.

It is hoped that the Society will be able to
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is a most efficient organization and
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Cripple Creek and found only about a half dozen people that we had known just fifteen years before. Our church had been torn down and the town in general had gone to wreck.

Johnstown was a very interesting city in which to live. It lay along the banks of two rivers and had been made notorious because of a disastrous flood in 1889 when almost three thousand people lost their lives. We witnessed another flood, in 1936, which was even more destructive to property, if not to human life. Because of deep snows in the mountains, followed by several days of rains in March, the waters rose to as much as eighteen feet in the main street, flooding every home and store and church and school house in the main part of the city, bringing untold destruction to property. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

In the year of 1930 some fifty people of Johnstown formed a European party and wanted us to join them. We sailed from New York on the S. S. Homeric and within a few days found ourselves embarking at Southampton, England. We took a train for London where we saw the famous London Bridge, London Tower, Big Ben, "Old Curiosity Shop", St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and the old castle at Hampton Court. We took the boat at Dover and crossed the Channel to Ostend, Belgium, spending some time at Brussels and at the Battleground of Waterloo.

We passed on to The Netherlands where we saw the historic cities of Amsterdam and The Hague. We passed over into Germany and were deeply interested in the ancient University at Heidelberg. We got on the boat at Cologne and had a glorious day sailing up the Rhine River, landing at Weisbaden, where we stayed over night and attended a small Lutheran church. The city was all astir and gaily decorated, awaiting a visit that day of Von Hindenburg. Leaving Germany we passed over into Austria, staying over night at Innsbruck, and passing on to Oberammergau where we saw the famous Passion Play, which required six hours to enact and was an event never to be forgotten.

We then rode on an electric train through the winding mountains of Switzerland until we came to beautiful Lake Luzerne, where we saw the Lion of Luzerne and took a boat over the lake and ascended on a cog railroad to the top of Mt. Rigi where we saw some distinguished Swiss cattle with their tinkling bells, and far in the distance we saw many blue lakes and the snow capped mountains of the Alps. Who could ever forget such a scene?

From Switzerland we went on to Paris where we spent four days seeing the high spots and making a tour of the battlefields of World War No. 1.

Having seen many of the highlights of Western Europe we were quite overfed in body, mind and spirit. We sailed from Cherbourg on the Westerland and after a very stormy, foggy voyage we landed in good old New York.

The old world is famous for its ancient castles and cathedrals and deep, winding rivers, but when it comes to living the more abundant life there is no place like home. Be it ever so humble.

The church at Johnstown had many interesting personalities and phases of work. Unique among them was Miss Jennie Barron, who lived to be about 97 years old and was overflowing with the joy of the Christian life until the end of her days. We spent our Christmas days with the Campbell clan and the delicious turkey dinners were a fitting climax to the Christmas fellowship of the day.

Much was done for the children and young people of the church in the way of teaching and entertainment. In the summer time we went out into the country about twenty miles to a farm that belonged to the Presbytery. The boys pitched their tent on the crown of a hill. We took turns cooking the meals and washing the dishes. In the evenings we had baseball games and sometimes went snipe hunting. On Sundays there was preaching service in the log church, and thus the week or ten days passed very pleasantly and profitably. These vacation activities helped to interest the young people in the church and were very worth while.

After the flood in 1936 we bought a lovely Plymouth coupe and forthwith proceeded to start on a trip to far away Nova Scotia. We stopped at Saratoga Springs and Plymouth, Vermont, which had been the home of President Coolidge. As we passed through Northern Maine one day we were rudely awakened from our complacency by a severe jar on the rear end of our car. We soon found out that it was a couple of drunken Indians that had struck us. They followed us quite a distance but did no further damage. It made us think of the early days when our grandfathers were chased on horseback by the red men.

We proceeded on our way to New Glasgow where loved ones lay sleeping, and had a pleasant time visiting relatives and old friends. On the return journey we stopped at Rockland, Maine, where we took a boat for Vinal Haven, an island in the Atlantic. Upon landing we were met by a classmate, Dr. William J. Hutchinson, who entertained us in his beautiful summer home over the weekend.

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Coming on to Northfield, Massachusetts, we enjoyed for a few days the Bible Conference, and then wended our way to Philadelphia where we were anxious to see the one year old grandson, Fraser Maxwell Lyle. He was a very fine baby and gave promise of growing up to be a useful man. Let us still hope.

1936 passed into history. Roosevelt had been elected for a second term. The financial depression was wearing itself out and things were going well in the church. The Johnstown winters, however, we found trying the older we grew, and the more snow we grew on our heads the less we enjoyed it around our feet, and so in early January, 1938 we decided to take a trip to Florida.

We started in the Plymouth over the snowy, slippery roads and after proceeding to near Washington we were glad to throw off the chains. We went down the East Coast through Jacksonville, Palm Beach and Ft. Lauderdale, then across the state to St. Petersburg, where we spent the month of February. We found it to be the city of our dreams - the delectable city where every prospect pleases, where the young and the old meet together and play together. They sit on the green benches and dream of wedded bliss and plan for the same.

Well, we got the proverbial sand in our shoes and were never able to shake it out. We returned home in March through the snow and the slippery roads. The summer of 1938 passed along. Its pleasures were marred by the deaths of Sister Ella and Mrs. Campbell. Mother went to Philadelphia to help care for Fraser and Norris while their mother went to Ireland. We went to Chautauqua in August, then came September and October with their many duties. Then came November with its "melancholy days, the saddest of the year, with wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear."

When we drove down town on a Monday morning to the ministers' meeting we invariably caught ourselves wishing that we were on our way to Florida. Finally the wish became so strong that we decided to make it a reality. After ten and one-half happy years we bade goodbye to the good people of Bethany Church and set our faces steadfastly toward the South. It was a time for memory and for tears, the breaking of many heartstrings. The people thronged about us and flooded us with loving words, kindly deeds and material gifts. It was hard to break the ties and get away.

But the way seemed clear. Our inclinations pointed toward the Sunshine State and so did a kindly providence - so off we started on a chilly November afternoon. Like Jacob

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